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THE

ANTIDOTE.

by

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Son of

John Hawksley Surgeon &c.

Sheffield

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

ANTIDOTE.

A

POLITICAL POEM

Humbly Inscribed

TO

THE KING.

HELLEBORUM FRUSTRA, CUM JAM CUTIS ÆGRA TUMEBIT,
POSCENTES VIDEAS. VENIENTI OCCURRITE MORBO.
PERSIUS. SAT. 3.

WHEN NOW THE SKIN DISTENDS WITH RACKING PAIN,
FOR HELLEBORE THE PATIENT CALLS IN VAIN.
WAIT NOT SUPINE THE FATAL, RANK DISEASE;
SOON AS IT COME THE GROWING EVIL SEIZE.

ESTO PERPETUA.

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ANTIDOTE.

DROOPS then my ALBION? SHE, whose gen'rous Soul,
With Nature's self, expands from Pole to Pole?
SHE, whom the Hand of Time hath kindly rear'd?
SHE, whom the Voice of Liberty hath chear'd?
Does SHE, who nurtur'd thus by Heav'ns fond Care,
Securely pass'd through Ages of Despair;
Whose Infant-years nor Tyrants' Lusts subdued;
Whose riper Youth the People's Rage withstood;
Does SHE *Decline?* SHE, late all EUROPE's Pride,
Who, like her rocky Shores, all Storms defied;
Does SHE *Decline?* — Kind Heav'n, avert the Day
When ALBION sickens, or her Laws decay!

WHENCE,

WHENCE, then, the loud Surmise, the secret Dread,
Of fatal Dangers hov'ring round her Head?
Does Pow'r oppress her Bosom with Despair?
Or does the Breath of Faction taint her Air?

O THOU! — by sad Experience made sage;
Thou sacred Muse, who guard'st the historic Page;
If Ills like these exist, say, whence their Source?
Or how shall ALBION check their fatal Course?

'E'ER EUROPE bore, as now, imperial Sway;
'Or to her hardy Sons the orient Day
'Of Reason dawn'd, the injur'd, heav'n-born Maid,
'Sweet Liberty, the rising World survey'd:
'On ALBION's Cliffs she cast her partial Smile,
'And as her own she claim'd the distant Isle.
'There with her Sister, Nature, soon she strove
'To train a People worthy of her Love:
'Nor were her Labors vain — the grateful Soil
'Of BRITAIN well repaid her gen'rous Toil.

'As Rays of Genius animate the Soul,
'But Judgment's Laws her wilder Flights controul;
'So Liberty your early Fathers fir'd;
'Whilst awful Virtue led, and Truth admir'd.

'When

'When thus with Freedom native Virtue shone,
'Immortal ALFRED sat on ALBION's Throne:
'Inspir'd by these, he urg'd the sacred Cause;
'His Aim was Happiness; his Means, his Laws.
''Twas thus the Hand of virtuous Freedom wove
'A strict Obedience with a Nation's Love:
'No jealous Fears the impartial Code alarm'd;
'There mutual Duty, mutual Honor warm'd:
'Justice unfurl'd the Page to Reason's Eye;
'And Order rais'd her Throne — on LIBERTY.

'HAPPY the MONARCH! happy he alone,
'Who in his Subjects' Wishes meets his own!
'He, who with patriot-zeal his Realm surveys;
'And, as his own, his People's Feelings weighs:
'He who with Care collects the gen'ral Voice;
'Whilst Virtue wakes, and Judgment guides his Choice:
'Who with parental Love his Aid imparts;
'And owns an Empire in his People's Hearts.
'Who with the Throne, in Bonds like these, unites
'The Claims of Duty, and the People's Rights,
'Secure and firm beholds his Banners stand;
'And PEACE and PLENTY crown his smiling Land.

'ALBION

'ALBION *attend!* — 'Tis not a dubious Muse,
'That, with uncertain Hand, would now diffuse
'Precepts unhallow'd by the Hand of Time;
'Her Truths reach ev'ry Age, and ev'ry Clime:
''Tis HISTORY speaks; 'tis HER *Records* proclaim
'The Path to Ruin, and the Path to Fame.

'Too oft alas! have stain'd fair ALBION's Page
'The mortal Feuds of Kings, and Civic-Rage:
'Alternate Interests their Malice swell'd;
'And Ignorance at Reason's Voice rebell'd:
'Rapine, or Pride provok'd the various War,
'Whilst Phrenzy drove, and Murder urg'd the Car.

'GRIM WAR! thou impious Fiend, whose savage Hand
'Deals Death and Ruin o'er the reeking Land;
'Thou hateful, ranc'rous Foe to Heav'n and Earth!
'Who from the Depths of Hell deriv'st thy Birth;
'Avaunt! nor let thy wild and dire Alarms,
'The [2] Trumpet's Clangors, and the Clash of Arms;
'The Widow's Tears, the helpless Orphan's Cries,
'The Virgin's Griefs, the childless Parent's Sighs,
'Renew their Scenes of Woe! Tyrant! no more
'Obtrude thy Murders, and the Cannon's Roar.

'YE

'Ye hapless Shades! ye Hosts! whom Error led
'To shroud your injur'd Virtues with the dead;
'Hard though your Fate, yet not in vain ye tell
'The Tales of Horror when your Heroes fell!

'Britons *attend!* when threat'ning Ills await,
'Or Disaffection rends the jealous State;
'*Fly not to Arms!* — Awake! and have Recourse
'To *Nature, Reason, Virtue — not* to *Force.*
'Wherefore does Heav'n bestow the feeling Heart?
'Or Reason's Light divine to Man impart?
'Wherefore do pious Ardors lift the Soul?
'And meek Religion sooth the varied whole? —
''Tis to correct the Ills of human Life:
'To fix the Reign of *Peace,* and banish *Strife*:
''Tis to advance, if aught in Nature can,
'The Will of Heav'n, and deify the Man.
'Nature revolts to think the Public-Good
'E'er dar'd to mark her Front with *human Blood.*

'*Talk not of Blood!* Oh God! that British *Zeal,*
'Should seek with British *Blood* her Hopes to seal!
'Can Brother against Brother take up Arms?
'They whom one Country feeds one *Spirit warms?

*Liberty

Enough

'Enough for British Valor to oppose
'Her Ranks resistless to her NATION's Foes:
'Enough, when *foreign Arms* provoke the Offence,
'And PEACE *disclaim*, to *bleed* in her Defence.
'Union at home, nor Wars, nor Arms afford:
'Nor is Opinion sanction'd by the Sword.

'ALBION *attend!* though crested Pow'r suppress
'Her Subjects' Rights, and madly rouse Redress;
'Still let the Interests of *Peace* prevail;
'For Reason *must* succeed, where Arms *must* fail.
'Let but her thund'ring Voice the Council move,
'To Discord, Peace ensues; to Vengeance, Love.

'ALIKE to Order, and to Freedom true,
'Reason and Virtue the same End pursue:
'Virtue asserts for Liberty her Rights;
'Reason attends to regulate her Flights:
'Thus well may Discord and Oppression cease —
'On *Freedom Order* stands, on *Order, Peace.*
'From these pure Sources of a Nation's Laws,
'ALBION once gain'd the envious World's Applause:
'Tis thus, that like her native Oak, she stands
'At once the Pride, and Bulwark of her Lands.

In

'In one strong Tree, each various Branch unites
'Her KING's, her NOBLES', and her PEOPLE's Rights:
'Virtue, Religion, Laws, compose the Roots;
'Freedom the Soil; Plenty and Peace the Fruits.

'LONG may her Honors bloom! and O! may those
'In whom the Sons of ALBION shall repose
'The sacred Trust of Empire, ever true
'To 3 FREEDOM's Cause, her virtuous Path pursue!
'To no rude Forms of Bigotry confin'd,
'Let them enlighten and improve the Mind:
'To Reason and Religion point the Way;
'And make the Task the Pleasure — *to obey.*

''Tis not from GALLIC *Politics* arise
'Fears to alarm, or Dangers to surprise;
''Tis GALLIC *Infidelity* that sows
'The Seeds of Ruin, and her Poison throws.
'Rous'd from the Convent's dark and phrenzied Dreams,
'Reason awakes and flies to wide Extremes:
'As Rivers, if a Mound obstruct their Course,
'Are check'd indeed, but gather mightier Force;
'And, bursting, with resistless Fury pour
'Their boundless Torrents to the affrighted Shore;
'Till Time to Nature's Course confine the Stream;
'So Reason wakes from Superstition's Dream.

BRITONS!

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'BRITONS! let *pure* RELIGION be your Aim:
'Exalt the CHRISTIAN STANDARD, and proclaim,
'4 "*Peace through the Earth, and Good-will towards Men.*"
'Unfading Glories thus shall ye maintain:
'For where Religion strengthens Virtue's Cause,
'E'en Heav'n will bless, and guard the Country's Laws.

O KING! by Fate, or Heaven's high Decree,
Call'd to protect this LAND of LIBERTY;
YOU, who o'er BRITISH Heads the Sceptre wield,
Our NATIONS chosen "*Buckler*, and our *Shield*;"
List to the Verse where sacred *Truth* presides!
Where *patriot-Zeal* inspires, and *Candor* guides!
Nor Dread of Pow'r, nor sordid Lust of Gain,
Corrupts the Muse, and prostitutes her Strain.

IF *Time* have hatch'd Corruptions in the State;
Or on YOUR *Councils private Int'rests* wait;
If those, who claim the NATION's mighty Trust
(Nor to their KING, nor CONSTITUTION just)
Supplant her *Laws*; and at her Sons' Expence,
Extend the treach'rous Hand of *Influence*;
Reflect — REFORM — nor for her Wrongs commute:
5 *Dare to remove the Evil from the Root!*
6 "*Wait not supine the fatal, rank Disease;*"
"*Soon as it come the growing Evil seize.*"

WILL

WILL YOU distrust YOUR partial Nation's Voice?
Will YOU in her Indignities rejoice?
When Laws subversive of her Freedom rise,
Will YOU confirm the Deeds? — YOUR LOVE *denies.*
If there be *Traitors,* let not *vain Restraints*
Inflame their Rage, and *sanction* their *Complaints.*
In Laws to shame the Traitor's haggard Face,
Let not the *loyal Bosom* feel Disgrace:
Shall Virtue be cashier'd for Vice's Cause?
Forbid it, Justice, Mercy, and the Laws!
When Sins enormous rag'd at Sodom's Gate,
And GOD dishonor'd sought her instant Fate;
Mercy divine his vengeful Judgments waiv'd;
And for the Good, the Impious had been sav'd.

THUS let, O KING, YOUR Mercy interpose;
Nor, with YOUR COUNTRY'S Friends, confound her Foes:
E'er POW'R *misus'd* betray the injur'd State,
Try Virtue's, Reason's Laws! — CONCILIATE!
"'SHOULD even GALLIA'S Sins invet'rate grow,"
"And Justice call for Vengeance on the Foe;"
"Should modern Vice the Nation's Taste engross,"
"*Shew them what* VIRTUE *is — they'll mourn the loss.*"

Fly

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Fly not to Arms! the voice of History cries:
'Tis not the *Sword* the *Arts of Peace* supplies. —
Hear how oft War hath Virtue's Cause betray'd!
And weep to think what virtuous Men have bled!
History can prove, that *Arts of Peace* alone
Can *save* YOUR NATION'S *Rights*, and *fix* YOUR THRONE:
By Arts of Peace alone your LAWS prevail;
And gilded COMMERCE smiles, and spreads her Sail.
"8 Thus * WILLIAM — thus YOUR SIRES — thus BRITAIN rose"
"*The Glory of the World*" — the Terror of her Foes. --

MAY she retain her Honors! and her Laws
Ensure her FREEDOM, and her SONS' APPLAUSE:
Long may she bloom! and future Times proclaim
In ALBION'S fav'rite List — her GEORGE's Name.

Dec. 12. 1795.

* William 3d.

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NOTES.

1 "Distant Isle."
"Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."
Virg. Ecl. 1.

2 "Trumpet's Clangors."
"clangorque tubarum."
Virg. Æn. 2.

3 "FREEDOM's Cause."
——————— "He who contends for FREEDOM,"
"Can ne'er be justly deem'd his Sov'reign's Foe;"
"No, — 'tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert it;"
"The soothing Slave, the Traitor in his Bosom,"
"Who best deserves that Name; he is a Worm"
"That eats out all the Happiness of Kingdoms."
Thompson.

4 "Peace through the Earth" &c.
"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace,
Good-will towards Men."
Luke II. 14.

5 "Dare to remove the Evil from the Root."
——————————— "Sapere aude;"
"Incipe" ———————————
Hor. Epist. 2. lib. 1.

6 "Wait not supine" &c. vide motto.

7 "Should even Gallia's Sins invet'rate grow,"
&c.
"Magne pater Divum, sævos punire tyrannos"
Haud alia ratione velis cum dira libido
Moverit Ingenium ferventi tincta veneno,
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.
Persius. Sat. 3.

8 Thus WILLIAM — thus YOUR SIRES" &c.
"Hanc Remus, et frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit;"
"Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma."
Virg. Georg. 2.

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